

P O E M

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF THE

Prince of *WALES*.

Humbly Inscribed to

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

By RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq; Son of the late Earl RIVERS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.*

(Price Six-Pence.)

ALL
P. O. F. M.

ON THE
B. R. T. B.

PRINCE OF WALES



HISTORICAL

BY RICHARD BARNARD

London

BIRTH-DAY of the PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

The Splendor of the Court, on this Occasion, just mentioned and declined. The Happiness of Liberty shewn by Industry and Peace (A Subject more worthy the Day) Their Works touch'd upon: In Gardening and Agriculture: In making Roads in Emulation of the old Romans: In Reservoirs, and their Use: In drawing Fens, and building Bridges, repairing Harbours, and stopping Inundations: In making Rivers Navigable: In planting for the noblest Uses: In Commerce: In publick Buildings. All the Labours of low Life, viz. Hospitals, Churches, and Colleges. The Variety of Worthies produc'd by the last. Thence a Transition to Persons in Middle and High Life, worthy the Honour of conversing with a young Prince. A short Remark on his late Majesty. The Conclusion, a View of the Expected Marriage of His Royal Highness.

WAKE, my Muse! awake! expand thy Wing!

A Prompt as the Lark, awake, ascend, and sing!

Let some the Colours of the Ball unfold ;

Paint figur'd Silks, and Velvets stiff with Gold ;

Of Spangles, Gems, and Stars, reflect the Rays ; 5

Or to soft Minuets form their dancing Lays !

Sing

Sing thou of Liberty the Works and Worth !

A Theme, not foreign to a Prince's Birth.

Then view, great Sir ! (to count what Muse can cease ?)

The Works of Freedom, Industry, and Peace !

10

To count, what Time is just ! What more serene,

Or strong to glance 'em, than the Sylvan Scene ?

These, when O Muse, you see, or hope to see,

Praise where they *are*, and point where they *will* be.

Unlike, where Tyranny the Rod maintains

15

O'er Turfless, Leafless, and Uncultur'd Plains ;

Here Gardens call up Woods, and healthful Roots,

And, in due Season, give nectareous Fruits.

Along the Furrows yellow plenty shines ;

On verdant Lawns, the Steed, or Ox, reclines ;

20

Wild frisk the Flocks ; which Fate has pleas'd to doom

Our Feast of Health, and Profits of the Loom.

Who digs the Mine, or Quarry, digs with Glee ;

No Slave !—His Option, and his Gain are free.

Him the same Laws, the same Protection yield,

25

Who ploughs the Furrow, as who owns the Field.

Rough, honest, Industry, and smiling Peace,

Thus plant, thus build, and give the Land Encrease.

From

From peasant Hands, Imperial Works arise;
 And British hence, with Roman Grandeur vies.
 Roads, yet unknown, thro' Rocks, shall winding tend,
 And the safe Causeway, o'er the Clays, ascend.
 From Reservoirs, the nether Pipe here owns
 New, ductile Streams, to visit distant Towns.
 There vanish Fens; whence Vapours rise no more;
 Whose aguish Influence tainted Heav'n before.
 Where Waters deep'ning glide, and wide extend,
 From Road to Road, the Bridge her Arch shall bend,
 Where Ports were choak'd; where Mounds, in vain, arose;
 There Harbours open, and there Breaches close.
 Rivers are taught a new, commercive Flow;
 And young Plantations, future Navies, grow.
 (Navies, which to invasive Foes explain,
 Heav'n throws not round us Rocks and Seas in vain.)
 The Sail of Commerce, in each Sky, aspires;
 And Property assures what Toil acquires.

See worthy Crafts, which low-born Life, divide,
 Give Towns their Opulence, and Courts their Pride!
 See Structures, rising from the healthy Soil,
 For Sickness, Want, and Age, worn out with Toil!

Stupendous

Stupendous Piles (which useful Pomp compleats) From
 Here shine Religion's, and there Learning's Seats; And
 Where moral Truth, and mystic Science, spring; Rocks,
 The Sage to tutor, and the Bard to sing; And the late
 Where some draw Health from Herbs, and min'ral Veins; R
 And some form Systems from etherial Plains: New, du
 Where some from Hist'ry, call past Times to View; There
 And others trace old Laws, and sketch out new. 66
 Hence saving Rights, by Legislators plann'd; Where
 And Guardian Patriots hence inspire the Land; From
 These praise the Hour when your great Sire was born Where
 And these inflame to hail your natal Morn. There

When in familiar Scenes, you pleas'd appear, 65
 The Modest and the Candid gain your Ear. And
 These, Sir, salute you from Life's middle State; (N
 Rich without Gold, and without Titles great. Heav'n
 Knowledge of Books and Men exalts their Thought; The
 In Wit accomplish'd, tho' in Wiles untaught; 70
 Careless of Whispers, meant to wound their Name; Sec
 Nor sneer'd, nor brib'd, from Virtue into Shame. Give
 In Letters elegant, in Honour bright; Sec
 They come, they catch, and they reflect Delight. For

Mixing

Mixing with these, a *Few* of *Rank* are found ; 75
 For Councils, Embassies; and Camps, renown'd.
 Vers'd in gay Life, in honest Maxims read ;
 And ever warm of Heart ; yet cool of Head.

One, various Gallantry of Courts, relates ;
 And *One* the various Interests of States. 80

These tell of Characters grotesque and new ;
 And *Those* call *publick Spirit* full in View.

From intermingling Veins of Humour bright,
 Flows Knowledge, soft'ning into Ease polite.

Happy the Men, who such a Prince can please ! 85

Happy the Prince, rever'd by Men, like these !

His Condescensions Dignity display ;

Grave with the Wise, and with the Witty gay.

From these, the circling Glass gives Wit to shine ;

The Bright grow brighter, and e'vn Courts refine. 90

In Scenes like these, shone the first *G E O R G E* confest :

His smiling Grandeur, social Grace, express'd.

Look'd He on Foes ? there loyal Love wou'd spring ;

And still, when least assum'd, shone most the *K I N G*.

Candour is your's, and your's transparent Truth : 95

Beauty will next attract accomplish'd Youth.

Oh! — Mark the White, Propitious Hours of Spring;
Which gives the Mute prophetic Strains to Tongues of
Blooming, the sees the *Fair* from *Princely* Springs in *hate*
Friends to *pure Faith*, when *Fair's reform'd* was young to *hate*
A semblant *Progeny*; the next do *hate* various *one*,
In them new Lights; to us new Joy at *hate* the *one* And
But abler Bards, whose Zeal, like mine, shall *hate*, let *hate*
Sublime shall sing, what *hate* I admire, let *hate* *hate*
From intermingling Vains of *hate* bright
Flows Knowledge, toll'ning into *hate* polite.

Beauty will next attract accomplished Youth.
 Candour is yours, and your's transparent Truth :
 And still, when least assum'd, those most the King
 Look'd He on Poes ; there loyal Love wou'd spring ;
 His smiling Gracious, social Grace, express'd.
 In Scenes like these, the B O R O G R consist :
 The Bright grows more, and more's refine,
 From these, the Poet's Muse, and Wit, and Rhime ;
 Grave with the Wise, and in the Wittieray.
 His Condescension Dignity display ;
 Happy the Prince, rever'd by Men, like these !
 Happy the Man, who has a Prince can please !